



The ASS bearing an IMAGE.

AN Ass a sacred Image bore,
 And as he stalks the mob adore;
 Pleas'd at the sight, he kick'd and bray'd;
 As if to him this court was paid;
 His pride converts the crowd to foes,
 Who quickly dealt him store of blows?

Honour,

Honour, said they, dull brute's bestow'd,
 Not upon thee, but on thy load.

*On this let Magistrates reflect,
 And know their Posts attract respect.*



THE FATHER and his CHILDREN.

As round their dying Father's bed
 His sons attend: the tenderest
 Children, deep did from his dying eyes
 A treasure in my hand
 Which you have laid in the grave.
 Did I reach, and your word I had
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